

Her Good Intentions.

BY ELIZABETH CHENEY.

Sunday, April 12th.—That was really a great sermon on Missions that our pastor preached this morning! I never realized before that I am personally responsible for some of the darkness of heathen lands, or that my few dimes and prayers, and my interest, may be like the loaves and fishes that were blessed by Jesus to the feeding of five thousand.

The pastor told us about a Bible woman in India whom a few poor factory girls in this country supported at thirty dollars a year. She was the means of the conversion of a Hindu young man who became a preacher and has brought hundreds to Christ. Oh, it just thrills me to think of being the means of saving even one soul! "Will there be any stars in my crown?" Well, at least, I will try to go to our monthly missionary meeting from this time forward. I am so glad I am interested.

May 17.—Dear me! This is the day for our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meeting, and I declare if I hadn't forgotten it, and now it is half past four o'clock! Something says to me, "did I ever forget my club?" Well, I'll go next month sure.

June 15.—What a pity it rains today! Of course I cannot go to the missionary meeting in this storm. But I'm not responsible for the weather, that's certain.

There's the phone. Hello! Why, yes, Molly, I'll run down. No, it won't put me out one bit. You know I have a new silk rubber-lined storm coat and high over-shoes. It's a good day to teach you that new stitch, for no one will be apt to disturb us. I'll be there in half an hour, Good bye! Oh, dear, there's that voice again! Yes, Molly does live two blocks beyond the church, but—I'll go next month to the meeting.

July 16.—How nice and comfy it is out here on the verandah in the shade! There goes little Mrs. Merrill to the missionary meeting this warm day. She looks just sweltering. I don't think the Lord requires me to endanger my health by exposing my head to this fierce sun. Besides when I was in bathing this morning at the beach my head got so wet that my hair isn't dry yet.

August 15th.—There wouldn't have been any meeting this month only for the fact that Mrs. Allen's cousin is visiting her, and the cousin was a missionary in China, and our ladies thought they ought to make the most of it. I'd really go today, if it wasn't at the Allens', but I know that Mrs. Allen is dying to have us see her new mahogany sideboard, and besides, I heard that she said that Sarah Perry said that Mrs. Peck said that we are living beyond our means. I can't endure people who gossip. I mustn't forget to tell Molly about the trouble between the Adamsons.

September 18.—This is a lovely day, cool and bright. I really ought to go to the missionary meeting, but last night's paper had a great 'ad.' about some summer chollies reduced from sixty to fifty-nine cents. They make such pretty house dresses, and will be picked right up. To-morrow will be too late. If there is a heathen woman waiting for me.—Oh dear, it's so inconvenient to have a conscience! Perhaps it is some woman who has lost a dear little baby, and doesn't know one bit about Jesus or heaven. Oh, I must go to the meeting next time!

October 15.—Well, this is missionary day, but here is the dressmaker at three dollars a day, and she says that if I want that lace insertion in the flounce I must put it in myself while she is trimming the sleeves. I can think about the heathen while I sew.

November 17.—I certainly seem fated to be kept away from that auxiliary meeting, and it does seem strange that a person whose heart is so in the work should be so often hindered from attending.

To-day I was just starting to put on my hat to go when my eyes fell on my library book, and I happened to recall that it must have run out, and I had not quite finished it. I had left off in a very exciting place, and I thought I would sit down and read the last chapters, and then take it back to the library on my way to church. It wouldn't matter if I were fifteen minutes late, for I'm always afraid

that the president will ask me to lead in prayer.

Of course it took longer to finish the story than I had imagined, and I became so absorbed in it that I lost all track of time. Anyway there was an excellent moral. It taught one never to swerve from the path of duty. Wish I didn't hear that voice, "Lovest thou Me?"

December 18.—Here we are in the thick of the Christmas struggle. I always emerge gasping for breath, but we all have to go through it. Mrs. Wilcox had the absurdity to call for me to go with her to the missionary meeting, when I have all those ruffles to sew on Maud's doll's dress. "It is a pretty note," I said rather crossly, "to hold a missionary meeting at Christmas time."

Mrs. Wilcox quietly observed that Christmas celebrates the coming of the first foreign missionary, and her voice was so sweet and kind that I relaxed enough to say that if I lived through the holidays I would really make an effort to attend the first meeting in the New Year.

January 15.—Here's that missionary meeting day again! It does seem as if those women held it every single week. We have tickets for Burton Holmes this afternoon and of course I can't afford to miss the lecture. I may never have another chance to hear him, and one can go to a missionary meeting any time. We must improve our minds as well as our souls.

February 17.—This is the day I am to lunch with Mrs. Ives in town. To be sure, she gave me my choice between Thursday or Friday, the meeting day, but Mrs. Morberly's afternoon tea was yesterday, and I could not miss that because I must try and keep in with the Morberlys. One has a duty to society.

March 13.—I'm truly sorry to have to miss the missionary meeting again, but there is such splendid sun and wind today that I've put out all the blankets, and I cannot trust the maid to bring them in without dragging them on the ground. Yes, I know there will probably be other days this month when the sun will shine and the wind will blow, but I feel like having this done to-day. What is that! "Waft, waft ye winds his story!" Well, I really would love to see the world converted. The church ought to work harder for it.

April 15th.—Our pastor preached his annual missionary sermon this morning and I sat there and thought of my good intentions of last year, and how I had not been able to attend a single meeting all the year. But I always stayed away for some good reason. I hope to do better this year I wonder why I recall those lines.

"What kind of a church would our church be,

If every member were just like me?"
Perhaps I ought to go further and say,
"What kind of a world would this world be,
If every Christian were just like me?"
—Woman's Missionary Friend.

Holiness Practical.

Holiness is a practical thing. Inwardly it deals with the cleansing of the heart from all sin, the rooting out of the 'old man,' the infilling of the Holy Ghost and a baptism of inexpressible joy and peace. But it also has an external expression and in a most significant way it affects the actions of the daily life. It conforms the outer life to the spirit of holiness and makes it a genuine counterpart of the Christ-life within. It shows itself in ready, perfect obedience to the will of God. It shows itself in marked opposition to all forms of sin and establishes the soul against all parley with Satan and by casting out the "carnal mind" makes compromise with sin in any form impossible. It brings a boundless love for the sinner but deadly hatred for his sins. It shows its practical side in sympathy with the world's suffering and woe and in the midst of life's disappointments, its sorrows and its heart-aches, it gives an even tranquility to the mind and a victorious triumph to the soul. Let the practical and the theoretical go hand in hand; they were given for that purpose. They are one; if ever separated our profession of holiness is a defective thing.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Be thou prepared for the fight, if thou wilt win the victory.—Kempis.

The Missionary Spirit.

The missionary spirit is a hopeful spirit. It has no sympathy with gloomy views of the world. It believes that it is growing not worse but better. It looks upon it as a heritage which has been given to Christ, and which he is already reclaiming, and will bring wholly under His benign sway.

The missionary spirit is a philanthropic spirit. It is the reverse of that arrogant pride of race which looks with contempt upon inferior types of men. It has learned to look upon all men as an ultimate brotherhood in Christ. It knows no man after the flesh.

The missionary spirit is a compassionate spirit. There are those who deny this—who charge on the friends of missions a hard, relentless creed, which condemns the heathen to perdition. They are more benevolent; they don't believe in the condemnation of the ignorant and therefore innocent. It was easy for Satan to say "Thou shalt not surely die;" but Christ condemned the world, and then died for its ransom. So the enemies of missions abound in cheap theories; but it is only the missionary spirit that actually does anything for the heathen. That alone really loves and pities them.

The missionary spirit is a broad and intelligent spirit. Its scope extends beyond our immediate neighborhood—certainly beyond our own selfish interests. It takes in the nations, becomes interested in all lands and races, watches the great moral movements of the world and rejoices in the advancement of men everywhere.

The missionary spirit is a grateful spirit. It does not easily or selfishly forget that through all its history the Gospel has been transmitted by one generation to another and by one nation to another; that we ourselves were a heathen race when the Apostles were sent to the Gentiles, and that we owe all that we enjoy to just such missionary efforts as we in turn are called upon to put forth.

It takes as its sublime motto those words of Christ's: "Freely have ye received; freely give."

The missionary spirit is a prayerful spirit. It has learned to call on God for men; it is intercessory; it offers real prayer. Prayer that only asks, with endless repetition, for one's own little selfish matters is not worthy of the name; it is only saying grace. And when a church can only pray for showers of mercy large enough to fill its own little spiritual cistern it can scarcely be said to pray; it certainly is praying without the Spirit.

"Thy kingdom come," is the epitome of true prayer, and no one who disclaims the missionary spirit can rightly offer that petition. It is a meaningless mockery upon his lips.—The Foreign Missionary.

He Feared the Gate.

Late one stormy night the old doctor was summoned to see a man who had been attacked with sudden illness on the cars, and had stopped at a little inn near the railway station about three miles from the village. The patient proved to be 'Squire Joyce,' from the neighboring county, whom the doctor slightly knew. He examined him carefully, and gave him medicine taken from his saddlebags. Then he arose to go, smiling cheerfully down at the anxious face of the sufferer.

"You will, I think, find yourself better in the morning—able, I hope to go on your journey," he said.

"Yes. Stay a minute, doctor, I want you to be honest with me. I have had seizures like this before. Shall I see them again?"

"It is probable."

"I want the truth—all of it. I may die in one of them tomorrow?"

"Yes. Or it may not be for years. It is uncertain. Do not waste your life in anticipating them. We must all go through the same gate some day."

"The same gate—yes! But beyond the gate—what is there?"

His eyes were on the doctor's face full of doubt, almost of pain.

The two men were silent a moment. "What is there?" Joyce repeated harshly. "You are a member of the church—a Christian. I have no religious belief. Tell me, for the love of God, what is there beyond? If I may go tomorrow, what shall I find?"

"I do not know."

Joyce did not speak for awhile, and then gave a forced laugh. "I need your help more for this than for my disease. You are a shrewd man of the world a good man. Sometimes I am greatly depressed thinking of this darkness into which I am going. For thousands of years men have gone out into it, leaving their loved ones behind, and not one has sent back a word to say how it fared with him—not one."

"You are an old man, doctor," said Joyce, turning quickly on him. "You are not far from the gate yourself. Are you not afraid of what may be beyond?"

"No," said the old man. "No, I am not afraid. May I ask you to look here?" He arose and opened the door. Outside in the dark hall, lay a little fox terrier, drenched with rain. He was crouched on the floor, his eyes fixed on the closed door.

"This is my dog, a bright, affectionate, little fellow. He has followed me through the storm, and has been lying outside the door, knowing that I was in this closed chamber. He never was here before. He did not know what was in this room. He did not care to know. I was in it, his master, whom he loves, who has cared for him. He was not afraid."

Joyce looked at the doctor a moment before he spoke.

"You mean—"

"I mean that I am like poor Punch. I am not afraid of the dark room to which I am going. I do not ask to know what is there. In all these later years of my life I have felt that He cared for me. My confidence has been such that I have been assured that in my hour of trial He has never failed me here. I sincerely believe He will not fail me yonder."

"But—I—I—do not know Him"

"He knows you. I think I am authorized by the declaration of the Bible to say that his hand is stretched out to you. I think, too, that I can reverently ask you to take it. You can accept Him as your guide and your teacher if you will. That done in sincerity, you will not fear the gate nor all that lies beyond."—Youth's Companion.

Salvation for To-Day.

By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

I was once in a country town, and I said to my host when I went to bed:

"I have to be in London tomorrow, and I cannot get up in time for my work unless I leave by a train which I can catch readily enough if you will wake me at six."

Well, my host was an Irishman, so he woke me at five o'clock and told me I had only an hour to sleep. The consequence was that I missed my train. If he had only awakened me at the proper time and said, "Now you must get up," I should have dressed at once; but as he said, "you have only another hour to sleep," of course I slept being weary.

The same principle applies to you. If I say to you, "Go home and think it over all the week," I shall be giving you a week to rebel against God, and I have no right to do that. I shall be giving you a week to continue an unbeliever; and he that is an unbeliever is in peril of eternal ruin, for "he that believeth not shall be damned."

Worse than all, the week may lead to other weeks, to months, perhaps years, perchance a whole eternity of woe. I can not give you five minutes. God, the Holy Ghost, speaks by me now to souls and He says, "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." The Holy Ghost says, "Today, even today."

The Cruelty of Fault-Finding.

Far too quick are our eyes for defect. Imperfection has a great attraction for us; it draws our thought by a strange spell, and has a genius for holding our attention. We can see the wart on Cromwell's face, and that is often all we can see; the strong, pure face, full of high resolve and elevated thought and refining passion, of which, perhaps, the wart is the only defect, is often veiled and hidden. We can always add the "but" to the long enumeration of the qualities of man's character, and are often not slow to do it; his fine glory and many daring and beautiful qualities have not revealed to us their splendor and their grace. We know exactly where men fail, the sordid and sorrowful story of their tragedy we can recite even to the last recorded syllable; but we have had no eyes for their vic-

torious; we have not seen the bitter struggles, some of which have been "with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." Oh, the critics of the world, and the fault-finders—their name is surely legion, their shadow is as the shadow of a pestilence, and their influence is full of bane! From them their flows no gracious influences; their lips have no habitual and sweet encouragements; they help not the graciousness of the world; they touch not the earth with anything of the beauty of the heavens, and they know not the rapture of the returning benedictions. Being sordid, they see sordidness; selfishness lifts the veil from her disfigured face to their selfish soul; they are disturbers of the common peace, breakers up of the world's restfulness, and bitter, if unconscious foes of the general good.—Rev. Beesley Austin.

True Piety is Thankful.

Many years ago when Fernando Wood was mayor of New York, he declined to issue the customary call to Thanksgiving upon the ground that "we had nothing to be thankful for." The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng who was then the rector of St. George's Church in that city where Mayor Wood attended, rebuked this sentiment of selfishness and ingratitude with such severity that the mayor rose and marched out of the church in anger. But more people sympathized with Dr. Tyng than with Mayor Wood. He said to himself that "he had a single eye to the public good," but the judgement of his contemporaries was that his "single eye" looked ever towards his private advancement, and that selfishness ruled him. A proud and selfish soul is never satisfied with the gifts of God, and is continually rehearsing and magnifying the afflictions and trials of life. Such persons treasure their miseries and brood over their misfortunes, while they keep God's mercies and blessings out of sight. If they receive ever so much it is only a ground for expecting more, and when privation or trouble comes, they complain as if they were hardly used. Their gratitude has been well defined as "a lively sense of favors to come;" it is never a joyful acknowledgement of favors received. A truly pious soul receives with grateful love the blessings which a heavenly father bestows, and, if afflictions come upon him, accepts meekly and submissively the appointment of One who he knows is good and only good. He is never unthankful for thankfulness is a part of his religion. God loves him and he is ever returning love for love.—New York Observer.

What is There in it For Me?

A letter written to a man for information which would have cost him not a moment's time was returned with endorsement: "What is there in it for me?" It was not in human nature to resist such an opportunity to relieve our mind, and here is the reply:

"All right, little man, live up to that doctrine, and you will get it—but that is all you will get. When you have finished your course, you may leave an estate—but you will leave nothing else; no mourning friends will weep over your bier; your community will feel no sense of affliction in your departure; no recipients of your good offices will feel that they have lost a friend and brother; no human being will be able to say that he has been helped upward and onward by you; but all that is nothing to you if you can only get money. And it is men like you, little men, that are doing great damage to the best interests of the country. Men who go through life with the cold-blooded, selfish determination that every move must have "something in it for them" usually get their desires, and at the end of the journey will have the certain knowledge that they have not paid their footing to the community, and that their lives will be charged up to the debit side in the great general ledger of humanity.

"What is there in it for you?"
Much, little man, if you have a heart that felt right, and eyes that saw straight, and ears that caught the truth; but without those things there is nothing else in this world for you."
—Exchange.